



Miss *Lydia Lybed* was the next to have her Fortune told, and came stretching and yawning to Mr. *Crop*, who knowing her to be just awake, asked her if she was up for the whole day? at the same time repeating these lines.

*Tis a pity to rise when the sun is so high,  
As it soon will sink down in the Western-  
most sky;*

*Then*

*Then your labour and toil will all  
vain,  
And your trouble return in undressing*

SOME think those beneath who are not equal to them in rudeness. Miss *Lydia* thought all beneath who could not lie in bed as long as she, have their breakfast in bed, then take another nap till twelve o'clock, and then scold the maid for coming to call them. She thought Mr. *Crop* would have given her at least a coach and six; but *Crop* always spoke the truth, and never flattered any one: He told her if she would enjoy a coach and six, she must rise in a morning at six o'clock; Miss *Lydia* thought it very vulgar.

C 2.